

# Good Morning 545

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

No common forger tries his hand at banknotes says **STUART MARTIN**, but the real skill in forgery lies not so much in making notes as in placing them and this is governed by well-tryed rules

## COP TALKED SHIPS WHILE FORGER WORKED



### FAMILY GOSSIP FOR A.B. George Perryman

HERE'S a spot of news for you, A.B. George Thomas Perryman, from 99 Well Crooks Gardens, Eltham; in fact, all the home gossip in a few paragraphs and two pictures.

Dad was sitting by the window when we called catching the last rays of a fine afternoon after some weeks of steady rain.

He's been on leave for a week very busy fixing up a shed for the ducks and they've had to be evacuated to the end of the garden as they smell a trifle fowl!

Rusty says "How's daddy's boy been behaving himself?" and she reckons the only time the girls out east are safe is when "Dead Eye" is dipped a few fathoms!

"Pontius Pilate" married Stella some while ago and the beer flowed right merrily—they have now settled down. Baby Gwennie married Frederick Clequin, a chap in the R.E.M.E., and she says married life suits her fine!

Sister Bessie expects Walter home for leave for Christmas and is highly delighted at the prospect.

Dad also will be home for Christmas and hopes soon to be a civvy.

A mysterious pal of yours was enquiring of a barmaid at "The Yorkshire Grey" for you, but so far has not turned up.

Gwennie has just come in and says she wishes you would

hurry back home, she is just reading a letter from Bessie who is coming up to-morrow.

All at home send their love and Rusty has a last shove and says mind you don't fall out of the hammock.

Mum sends a stop-press letter saying, "don't forget to send her love."



They are dreaming of submariners, are Wendy and Barbara.

### Pat reports "All's Well," A.B. William McGhee

WE called to see your girl friend, Miss Pat Bailey, at Mayday Hospital, Thornton Heath, A.B. William G. McGhee, but the Matron told us she was over in Ireland on holiday, so we called back about a month later and got a message for you.

This time we met her and learnt that she and her sister had a very grand time in Ireland, visited a few dance halls in Cork and went to some of the beauty spots round about; the weather was, however, not so good.

One day Pat went to Blarney Castle and got an ashtray showing a picture of the castle, and this she gave to your mother on her return.

She says she visits your mother every other day at No. 37, otherwise "Casey's Court," and reports that she is keeping fine and that both go up to London occasionally to cheer up Father Mac who gets rather homesick sometimes.

Ted in Italy is out in the front line again and is now very well. Jim, who volunteered for the Navy, has not yet been called up. Tom, otherwise "Chippie," is still, she says, spoiling perfectly good wood. She has met all your aunts and uncles and they were all very charming to her.

She is looking forward to your return so that you can go places together and look up some of your mutual friends, also to the pictures, which she enjoys much better in your company.

She signs off—Yours, as ever, Pat.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



THIS time let us have a look at crime from a new angle. I am going to take you, with Policeman Collyer, right into a forger's sanctum sanctorum, holy of holies—if one can apply the words to a spot where law-breaking is a profession.

Towards the end of 1904 the Bank of England Governors were uneasy. So were the police. The reason was that a number of forged £5 Bank of England notes were getting into circulation. Mostly they were coming from the Continent—just as the Nazis are credited with trying to upset currency since 1939.

Now, no common forger tries his hand at banknotes. I once knew a criminal who could split a fiver so cleverly that he was offered money to give his secret away; but he kept it. Even the notorious Jim the Penman, father of forgers, did not forge banknotes. He forged cheques; but he laid down the rules for disposing of forgeries which are accepted by forgers to this day.

One of the main principles was that the forger must never attempt to pass his handiwork. There must be several agents between him and the person who accepts the forgery as genuine. The more agents, the better for the forger; and, moreover, even the lesser agents must not know the man who was the key to the situation.

A bad forgery has always a better chance of success on the Continent than in Britain, so the police generally guess when forged banknotes—crop up, that they are passed into circulation outside this country. But they are made here. Forged notes, by the way, never have a long life.

Some time ago there arose a discussion in a London publication about our new banknotes. Could they be forged? I am not going to give the answer which is the correct one; but I will say this: Joseph Holloway's craftsmanship may have been faulty, but his method of distribution was excellent.

The police in 1904 did not suspect Joseph Holloway. They did not know whom to suspect, but the one little clue they had was that a man named Paquin, who sometimes called himself Pearce, had arrived in London from France, and he was suspected of trading in forged notes. Paquin, or Pearce, was shadowed, and seen to make contact with various people in the East End.

Now, just here I must make a distinction between forged banknotes and "lills." A "lill" is the slang term for a Bank of Engraving note. It was not illegal to make Bank of Engraving notes—they are worthless except as curiosities—but a man who carries them is generally suspected of being next door to a real note forger.

Having got the clue about Paquin, the police authorities handed the case over to Inspector Ottaway; and he let Constable Collyer loose on the job.

Collyer had been in the Navy before he joined the police, and on December 22nd, 1904, he strolled into several public-houses in the East End, dressed as a merchant seaman, if you can call that a disguise. He wanted to get into touch with a man named Herbert Robinson, who was said to be able to provide banknotes.

The two met in a bar, and after some conversation Collyer suggested that he could dispose of some fakes as he was due shortly on a voyage to the Mediterranean. He had to convince Robinson that he was "all right," and he convinced him by talking about ships and the sea and ports.

When it came to a question of price for the forgeries, Collyer hinted that he was prepared to pay fifteen shillings for every one. He wanted several.

Robinson, however, was wary. He explained that he was not working for himself and must consult "the boss."

About this point Collyer suddenly suggested that they go to some other pub. He had seen two crooks enter the bar at that moment, and both crooks knew him as a cop. By averting his face, Collyer got out unrecognised, and he and Robinson started a pub crawl, talking "business" all the time.

In one pub—they visited the Royal Standard, the Red Lion, the Dragon, and others—Robinson passed a forged note to Collyer under cover of a newspaper, and Collyer, fingering it, knew it was the kind of note he was after. Robinson told him it could be easily changed abroad.

Just then there entered the pub a man whom Robinson whispered was "the boss." And that was how Collyer got into touch with Joseph Holloway.

More talk followed, Collyer telling Holloway that he could dispose of four or five. He paid Holloway 15s. for the fake one and gave Robinson a shilling for himself; and so well did he get along with Holloway that the latter scribbled his address on a bit of paper and handed it over. The address was Victoria Street, Cooper's Gardens, Hackney.

When the trio separated Collyer went straight to Scotland Yard, where he handed over his fake note. Inspector Ottaway took the number of it, and the police set out to trace the real note from which this had been copied. They found it had been issued by a foreign money exchange to a Mr. Paquin and cashed by a Mr. Pearce at a West End pawnbroker's.

Collyer meantime cultivated the friendship of Holloway, and finally was invited up to see the copying being done. This was because Collyer urged that he was going to sea in a day or two and couldn't wait.

It took some time for this invitation to come through, for more than once Collyer sensed that Holloway was suspicious and cautious. But with all his care and suspicions, Holloway forgot to keep to Jim the Pen-

(Continued on Page 3)

### Home Town News

THE sunny climate of South Africa has been worth £500 to the Camborne Redruth Hospital.

Mr. G. H. Eddy, who in his youth left his native village of Tucknham for a job in the Dominion, has just sent the hospital a cheque for that amount "as a thank offering for fifty years of happy residence in South Africa."

**PARK-KEEPERS.** PLYMOUTH boys have no great love for park-keepers, judging from a recent competition at the Junior Tec, in which pupils were invited to solve "Bad Boy" problems. One entrant advocated "Children's own parks with plenty of bushes for stalking and no musty old park-keepers."

The lads ruled that in order to be tolerable park-keepers should be (a) young, (b) know something of First Aid, and (c) possess a "peace-making temperament."

#### STRANGE REQUEST

OFFICIALS of a certain Government department had a shock the other day when they received a letter from a man holding a temporary appointment at their Plymouth office, pointing out that at this stage of the war his salary should be reduced by half!

"I don't feel my conscience will allow me to continue on the present basis," he wrote.

The writer, who held an executive post worth nearly £1,000 per annum, had his request granted, with a word of special thanks for his noble gesture!

#### LUCKY.

THE Misses Irvine Reid, of Torquay, received a letter from the A.D.C. to Field-Marshal Montgomery, thanking them for their gift to the Field-Marshal of a lucky horseshoe, decorated with flowers made of pre-war bread!



# TREES WILL CHANGE THE FACE OF THIS ENGLAND

BEFORE the war, Britain spent between £60 and £80 millions a year on buying timber from other countries, and only supplied between four and five per cent. of her needs from her own forests.

War necessity has driven us to strip many hillsides of trees. Now steps are being taken to see not only that the lost trees are replaced, but that our forests are extended until they cover at least 5,000,000 acres, so that in the future we shall be far less dependent upon imported timber.

Since 1920 the Forestry Commission has been planting steadily in different parts of Britain. Some of the great plantations have been failures, but now the best types of trees for different soils and situations are known.

The face of the country is being changed by the creation of great new forests, which to-day contain only small trees, but in a com-

By ROBERT DE WITT

paratively few years will be mile after mile of tall trees, representing millions of feet of valuable timber.

Some of these forests are being planted in the Border country. Here are many thousands of acres of land fit for no more than poor sheep grazing. Much of it is becoming unsuitable even for this through "sheep sickness," the soil suf-

fering from years of grazing; and 130,000 acres of forest are being planted—a considerable undertaking, which will change not only the scenery but also the economy of a great area.

Where land is suitable for farming, mostly in the valleys, it is being left, while the forests rise on the hillsides. Shortage of labour during the war has restricted plantings, but many hundreds of men are employed.

After the war, when it is hoped to get going with the programme, it is estimated there will be 50,000 men permanently employed in forestry. For those who like an open-air life and are not afraid of loneliness it is an attractive life.

As the programme increases, forest communities will arise, complete with schools, shops, and other conveniences. One of these has already been established in the Forest of Ae in the Border country.

## ACRE BY ACRE.

The Forestry Commission to-day has 1½ million acres, of which more than 300,000 acres are waiting to be planted. It hopes to acquire another 2,000,000 acres under a 50-year programme, and also to get control and co-operation with the 2,000,000 acres of privately owned forest. All this will mean little interference with agriculture, for most of the land "earmarked" is not suitable for cultivation of crops.

There has been a great planting in nurseries, and some 300,000,000 young trees are in various stages of growth. It will thus not be necessary after the war to wait for young trees.

Fortunately, we had a good



the future, many thoughtful people believe we should have a law that no tree can be cut down without another being planted to replace it.

## FUTURE FORESTS.

Trees play a very important part in the conservation of the soil, chiefly through their roots retaining soil and moisture on the upper slopes. America has had to pay in hundreds of millions of pounds for the mistakes made in stripping her hillsides. The soil was washed away; barren lands and devastating floods resulted. Trees also play an important part in acting as wind-breaks, giving tender crops a chance to grow in the spring. Agriculture and forestry are thus complementary.

In fifty years Britain will not only be getting dividends on her investment to the tune of millions of pounds a year, but will also have many large forests of from 20,000 to 100,000 acres in different parts of the country, adding greatly to the beauty of the scenery.

## QUIZ for today

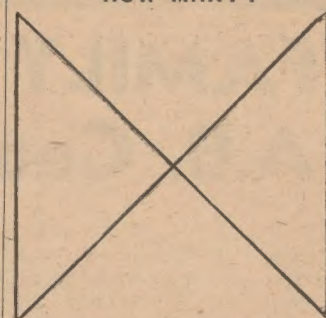
1. A springe is a double hinge, artesian well, bird trap, spring made of bamboo, sprayer?
2. In what country are matches normally given away for nothing by the tobacconist?
3. In what country was wallpaper first used?
4. Who invented central heating, and when?
5. Who was the original "Nosey Parker"?
6. Which of the following is are (more or less) white.

an intruder, and why? G, B, F, A, C, H, E, D.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 544

1. Young cod.
2. Sir Francis Drake, 1580. (Sir Walter Raleigh brought his potatoes over in 1586.)
3. Back. A church faces east, at which end the altar is placed.
4. None. Formerly, beer contained hops, but ale didn't.
5. Your first. Your "surname," or added name, is really to distinguish you from others of the same first name, and is often simply your trade, or your father's trade. Thus: John (the) Baker, George (son of the) Tyler, and so on.
6. Gold is yellow; others are (more or less) white.

## HOW MANY?



Add five straight lines to this figure and get a total of ten triangles instead of two. (The triangles may be of any size or shape.)

(Answer in No. 546.)

## I get around

RON RICHARDS'

## COLUMN



FIRST English college where adults can "live in" for any period from one day to a month is to be established in Wiltshire at a cost of £57,000.

It is hoped the college will be ready in 1945-6. Miss Scott-Baker, acting director of education for the county, told the Wilts C.C. that preference would be given to students hitherto debarred from a fuller education through lack of means.

Where necessary, bursaries equal to full board would be granted.

The Minister of Education is strongly supporting the scheme as an experiment for the whole country, said the Education Committee chairman, Mr. W. E. Stevens



UNABLE to penetrate the "defences" of neighbouring farms, hungry foxes are now raiding poultry from pens at the back of the main streets of Southend and Westcliff, Essex, and have snatched ducks and fancy birds in the public parks.

A policeman killed one fox with his truncheon after chasing it into the backyard of a shop.

Can only hope the wartime black-marketeers get similar treatment.



THERE was a dense fog, and the officer on the bridge was becoming more and more exasperated.

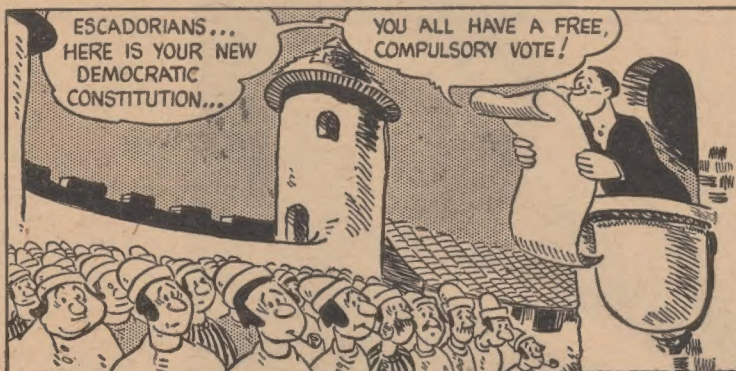
As he leaned over the side of the bridge, trying to pierce the gloom, he saw a hazy figure leaning on a rail a few yards from his ship.

He almost choked.

"What do you think you're doing with your blinking ship?" he roared. "Don't you know the rules of the road?"

"This ain't no blinking ship, guv'nor," said a quiet voice. "This ere's a lighthouse."

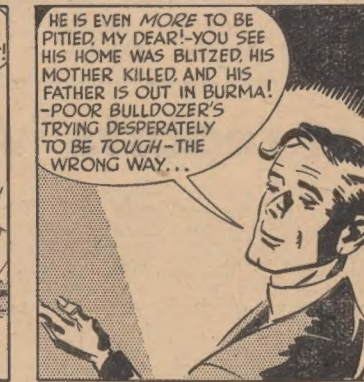
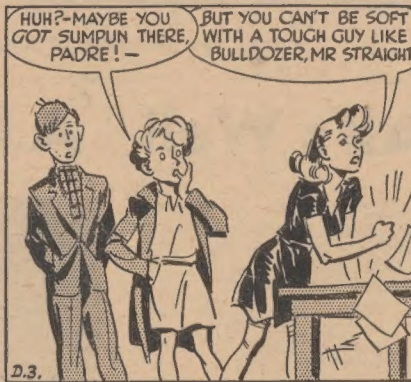
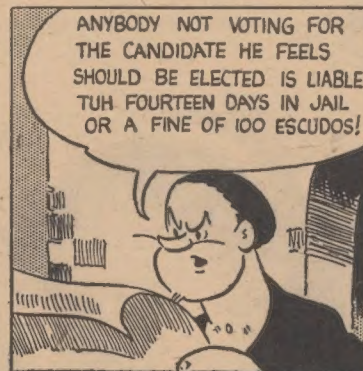
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





# WANGLING COP TALKED SHIPS WHILE FORGER WORKED

1. Put an assent in PR and make a creditor.  
2. Rearrange the following letters to make four pieces used in indoor games: HIPSOB, KROJE, HARDGUT, MINDOO.  
3. In the following six English rivers the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 6357, 3R7, D647, 946N, 2752, 2H9M75.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 483

1. Prayer.
2. MEERSCHAUM, CALABASH, HOOKAH, CHURCHWARDEN.
3. York, Yeovil, Hove, Harrow, Harwich.
4. Hove (3), P-ray-er (1).

## JANE



Counsel for the defence went over the pub crawls in detail.  
"What did you have to drink in these pubs?" he asked.  
"Usually rum," replied the constable.

## NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

10	11	4
22	14	16
8	15	23

HERE is a variation of the figure-square problem. In the block of nine numbers above, 10 and 14 are in their right places, but all the others need shifting, so that each file, across and down, total the same.  
(Solution in No. 546.)

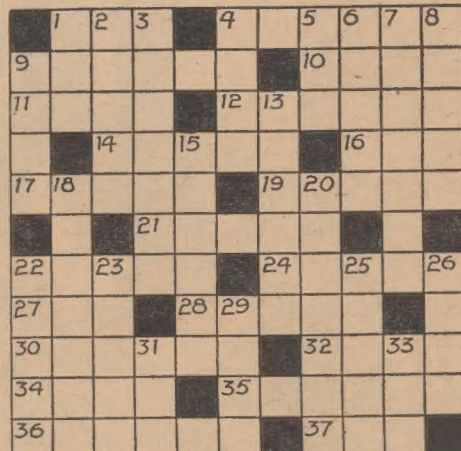
"Were they stiff glasses?"  
"Oh, no, half-quarters!"  
"How many pubs did you visit?"  
"Three or four or five."  
"And when you met Holloway?"  
"Then we had some rum."  
"And after that?"  
"We went to the Red Lion again."  
"More rum?"  
"No, pint of beer."

But when they reached the Horns the cop had to admit that he didn't remember how many drinks they had there, so counsel slammed his trump card.  
"I suppose you were incapable of counting by that time?"  
"Here," expostulated Collyer indignantly, "you're trying to make me a drunkard!"  
Well, Collyer had been in the Navy, so the point didn't carry

as counsel expected. The two men in the dock were found Guilty. Both Robinson and Holloway got five years' penal. Mrs. Holloway was let off on a technical point.  
And Mr. Paquin, alias Pearce? The police had him shadowed all the time. A detective was following him through Piccadilly Circus on the afternoon when the newspapers billed the arrests.

Paquin, or Pearce, looked at the placards, swung round, and made for Hackney. That night he took the train to the Continent; and the police let him go because they hadn't all the evidence they wanted against him. But they warned the French Sureté of his movement.  
He was picked up in France on another charge, and got what was coming to him, too.

## CROSSWORD CORNER



- CLUES ACROSS.
- 1 Berry.
  - 4 Food.
  - 9 Discuss.
  - 10 Tumult.
  - 11 Boy's name.
  - 12 Toy.
  - 14 Customary.
  - 16 Rank.
  - 17 Big person.
  - 19 Barons.
  - 21 Perfect.
  - 22 Clay rock.
  - 24 Stop.
  - 27 Young animal.
  - 28 Fish.
  - 30 Mischievous.
  - 32 Wood.
  - 34 Mineral.
  - 35 Ethics.
  - 36 Derisive smiles.
  - 37 Poetry.

- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Border.
  - 2 Concerning.
  - 3 Festive drinking.
  - 4 Girl's name.
  - 5 Skill.
  - 6 Saltpetre.
  - 7 Southern.
  - 8 Simmers long.
  - 9 Silly.
  - 13 Wool fabric.
  - 15 Cricket lobs.
  - 18 Ordeal.
  - 20 Sort of plate.
  - 22 Spade lengths.
  - 23 Fruit.
  - 25 In front.
  - 26 Big deer.
  - 29 Electrical units.
  - 31 Confection.
  - 33 Drink.

ASPIRE DUTY  
WEM TWINE  
HASP HOPING  
INTERIM TUN  
M T CAMERA  
SCRUB NODES  
ERASER N H  
LEG VISIBLE  
FALLEN TOAD  
SAILS OLD  
FEND EGRESS

## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## ANN SAVAGE To-day's Star

ANN SAVAGE admits that the Muse didn't strike her until the ripe old age of 18, but when it did, Ann did something about it. One year later, at 19, a talent scout saw her in a Reinhardt Workshop performance of "Golden Boy," and in just about the time it took to remove her make-up Ann was signed to a long-term contract at Columbia Pictures.

Ann was born in Columbia, S.C., of French-Irish descent, and went to school in New Orleans, Atlanta and Los Angeles. She is a graduate of the Markin Professional School in Los Angeles. Her best subjects at school were English, history and arithmetic, and her extra-scholastic activities were principally sports.

Ann's family has been in the jewellery business for generations, and her one ambition as a child was to be a jewellery buyer, like her mother. But when the acting bug bit her, she forgot all about other ambitions. She went to the Reinhardt School and asked if she could work her way through in exchange for tuition. She did all kinds of office work at the school, helped out with all sorts of chores, and even took dictation, although she knew no shorthand. She used trick abbreviations, she says.

Her first appearance was in the part that won her movie contract, Lorna in "Golden Boy" in 1941. After that came parts in "Lost Horizon," "Two on an Island," "Bill of Divorcement," and "Dulcy."

She likes sophisticated comedy best, and says she's been greatly influenced by the work of Tallulah Bankhead, Greer Garson and Joan Crawford.

She rides, plays tennis, likes bowling, and plays more than a duffer's game of golf.

The first money she ever earned was as a bowling clerk at a recreation centre, and later she taught bowling there.

She likes Flash Gordon, theatrical columnists, and Ernest Hemingway.

Ann shares an apartment with her mother, and when she isn't working or reading, she plays the piano. She says modestly that her cooking's only fair. Her favourite dish is pizza, an Italian pie made with anchovies, cheese and tomatoes.

In the way of clothes and accessories, her taste runs towards the extreme, though she says her present wardrobe is rather modest.

Ann's first movie assignment is a role in Columbia's "One Dangerous Night," with Warren William and Marguerite Chapman.

Dick Gordon



# Good Morning

THIS ENGLAND. This is how High Street, Cheltenham, looked one Spring morning before the war. And we guess this is how it will look again on another Spring morning when peace has returned.



**COO, LOOK . . . SUCKERS !**  
This is what happens when the village shop gets its sweet quota in for the month ! Bulls'-eyes, gob-stoppers, hundreds and thousands n'everything !

## PIN-UP GIRL BECOMES NO. 1 PASTE-DOWN GIRL !

Sailors found that any picture of Columbia's Rita Hayworth had a habit of disappearing into the officers' mess. So now they fix her so she'll stick !



ANCHORED !



Where's Harry Roy ? He'll "hold this tiger"—if anyone can.



Sinister Jap ally, Siamese cat, shadowed by bold British bull-terrier pup.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Yah ! Dirty Fascist cat."

